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SOIREES OF ST. PETERSBURGH.

FROM THE FRENCH OF THE COUNT DE MAISTRE.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

BOOK II.—CHAPTER III.

"No language could be invented," continued the Count, "either by one man who could not cause himself to be obeyed, or by many, who could not understand themselves. The best that can be said on *speech*, is said of him who calls himself the WORD. *He has come forth before all time, from the days of eternity—his generation who can tell.* (1) Hence, notwithstanding the sad prejudices of the age, a physician. . . . yes, in truth, a physician! has taken upon himself to admit, with timid intrepidity, *that man had spoken from the beginning, because he had been spoken to!* . . . . . In rendering to this first effort all the justice it merits, we must, nevertheless conclude, that all the philosophers of the last century, without excepting the best of them, were cowards, afraid of mind.

Rousseau, in one of his sonorous rhapsodies, evinces, also some disposition to speak reasonably. He avows that the languages seem to him beautiful things. Speech, *that arm of the mind*, as Charron calls it, strikes him with a certain admiration: and, all things considered, he cannot clearly understand how it was invented. But the great Condillac has pity on his modesty. He is astonished *how a man of wit like Rousseau*, could have sought for difficulties where they do not exist: that he could not have seen that languages are formed invisibly; and that every man has contributed his *quota*. Behold all the mystery, gentlemen: one generation said BA, and another BE. The Assyrians have invented the nominative, and the Medes the genitive:

* * * * Quis inepti
Tam patiens capitis, tam ferreus ut teneat se.

But, before finishing this subject, I would wish to recommend to your attention an observation which has always struck me. Whence comes it, that, in all

(1.) Micheas, v. 2; Isaias liii. 8.

the primitive languages of the ancients, are to be found words which necessarily suppose knowledge foreign to these people? Whence have the Greeks, for example, learned, three thousand years ago at least, the epithet of *Physizoos*, (giving or possessing life) which Homer applies to the earth? and that of *Pheresebios*, nearly synonymous, of Hesiod? (1) Whence did they learn the still more singular epithet *Philematos*, (amorous of blood.) (2) Who taught them to name sulphur, which is a figure of fire, the *divine*? (3) I am not less struck with the name *Cosmos*, given to the world. The Greeks styled it *beauty*, because *all order is beauty*, as the good Eustathius somewhere says, and supreme order is in the world. The Latins adopted the same idea, and expressed it by the word *mundus*, which the French have adopted, by merely changing the termination; except, however, that one of these words excludes disorder, and the other whatever is not cleanly—both express the same idea, and the two words are equally true and false. But, tell me, how the ancient Latins, while as yet acquainted with nothing but the art of war and the cultivation of the land, could have imagined the mode of expressing by the same word the idea of prayer and punishment? Who taught them to style fever, *purificatrix* and *expiatrix*? Would we not suppose that in this there was an exercise of judgment—a true knowledge of the cause, in virtue of which a people affirm the justness of the term? But, do you believe that this sort of judgment could have belonged to the times when men could hardly write? When the dictator cultivated his garden, and poets wrote what Varro and Cicero could no longer understand? These words, and numberless others which might be quoted, and which belong to the oriental metaphysics, are evident ruins of languages more ancient, destroyed or forgotten. The Greeks had preserved some obscure traditions on this subject; and who knows but Homer attested the same truth, when, perhaps without knowing it, he speaks of certain men and certain things, *which the gods call by one name, and men by another?*

In reading the modern metaphysicians, you will have met with reasonings, without number, on the importance of signs, and advantages of a philosophical language (as they style it) which has been created *a priori*, or perfected by the philosophers. I do not wish to throw myself into the question of the origin of language, (the same, to make the remark *en passant* as that of innate ideas;) what I can assure you, for there is nothing more clear, is, the prodigious talent

(1.) Iliad iii. 243; xxi. 63. Odysse, xi. 300. Hesiod opp. et dies v. 694. This work was for a long time in my hands, before I discovered the following observation made by a man accustomed to see, and born to see: *Many idioms which now only belong to barbarous people, seem to be the ruins of rich languages, flexible and evincing an advanced state of cultivation.* Monum. des peuples indigenes de l'Amerique, par Humboldt. Paris in 8vo. 1816. Intro. p. 29.

(2.) Σφαγια δ'αμ' άυτῶ, γης ΦΙΛΑΙΜΑΤΟΥ βοαι. (Eurip. Phœn. v. 179.) Æschylus had said before him: "The earth had DRUNK the blood of the two rival brothers," &c. (Seven Chiefs, Act IV, Sc. 1.) This recalls the expressions of the sacred scripture: *The earth hath opened its mouth, and* DRUNK *the blood of thy brother.* Gen. iv. 11.

(3.) Το θειον.

of an infant people to form words, and the absolute incapacity of philosophers for the same object. In the most refined ages, I remember that Plato has noticed this talent of people in their infancy. And it is remarkable, that, it would seem they proceeded with the utmost deliberation, in virtue of a system formed in concert, whereas such a thing was rigorously impossible under many respects. Each language has its genius—this genius is ONE; in such a manner, that it excludes all idea of composition, of arbitrary formation, and anterior convention. The general laws that constitute it, are what all languages present most strikingly. In Greek, for instance, there is one that the words can be joined by a kind of partial *fusion* which unites them to produce a second signification, without rendering them improper. This is a general rule from which that language never departs. The Latin, more refractory, suffers, (to use the term) the words to be *broken:* and from their fragments, selected and united by the process of I know not what altogether singular *aglutination*, new words spring up, of surpassing beauty, and of which the elements can only be recognized by a practised eye. Out of the three words for example, CARO DATA VER*mibus*, they have made CADAVER, *flesh given to the worms.* Out of these words MA*gis et volo*, NON *et volo*, they have formed MALO and NOLO; two excellent verbs, which all languages, even the Greek, may envy the Latins. From C*Æcus ut* IRE, (to walk or grope like a blind man) they have made CÆCUTIRE, another felicitous verb, which we have not. (1) MA*gis* et AU*cte* have produced MACTE, a word entirely peculiar to the Latins, and which they use with so much elegance. The same system produced the word UTERQUE, so happily formed from Unus *al* TERQUE. (2) What shall I say of the word *negotior*, admirably formed from NE EGO OTIOR, (*I am occupied, I lose not my time,*) whence is derived *Negotium*, &c. But the genius of the Latin seems to have surpassed itself in the word ORATIO, formed from OS and RATIO, *mouth and reason*, that is *reason spoken.*

The French are not absolutely strangers to this system. They who were our ancestors, for instance, have well known how to name theirs by the partial union of the word AN*cien*, with that of ETRE; as they have made *Beffroi* from *Bel* EFFROI. Yet see how they have operated on the two latin words, DUO and IRE, from which they have made DUIRE, *to go together*, and by a very natural extension, *conduire.* Of the personal pronoun SE, of the relative adverb HORS, and a verbal termination TIR, we have made S-OR-TIR, that is to say, SEHORSTIR, *or put one's person out of the place in which it was.* Are you curious to know how they united words, after the manner of the Greeks? I will cite that of COURAGE, formed from COR and RAGE, that is to say *rage of heart*, or to express it better, *enthusiasm*, *exaltation of heart*, (in the English sense of the word RAGE.) This was in its principle, a very happy translation from *thymos*, a Greek word, which has no synonyme in the French lan

(1.) The Chinese have done for the ear precisely what the Latins have done for the eye. Mem. of the Miss. of Pekin, in 8vo. Tom. viii. p. 121.

(2.) Plurality being, as it were, concealed in this word, the Latins put the verb after it in the plural: *utraque nupserunt.* Ovid. fast. vi. 247.

guage. Anatomise, with me, the word INCONTESTABLE; you will find in it the negative IN, the sign of the means and *simultaneity* CUM, the ancient root TEST, common, if I mistake not, to the Latins and Celtans, and the sign of capacity ABLE, from the Latin HABILIS; and see if one and the other are not derived from a common and anteriour root. Thus the word *incontestable* signifies exactly, *a thing so clear, that it does not admit a contrary proof.*"

Admire, I pray you, the subtle metaphysics, which, from the Latin QUARE, *parce detorto* has made CAR, and which has known how to draw from UNUS the particle ON, which is so famous in the French language. I cannot refrain from citing, likewise, the word RIEN, which the French have formed from the Latin REM, taken for anything, or an absolute thing. This is the reason why, except where RIEN corresponds to an interrogation, or contains or supposes an ellipsis, it cannot be used but with the negation, because it is not negative: (1) different from the Latin NIHIL, which is formed from NE HILUM, as NEMO, from NE and *homo*, (*not an atom, not a man.*)

It is a pleasure to assist, if I may speak thus, at the labour of this hidden principle from which languages are formed. One while, you will see it struggling against a difficulty which arrests it in its march; it seeks a form it has not—its materials resist it—then it rids itself from the embarrassment by a happy solicism, and it will say properly: *Rue passante, couleur voyante, place Marchande*, &c. Another time, you will see it evidently, deceiving itself, and making a formal oversight as in the French word *Incredule*, which denies a fault, instead of denying a virtue. Sometimes it will be possible to perceive, at once, the error and the cause of the error: the French ear having, for example, required that the *S* should not be pronounced in the monosyllable EST, third person singular of the substantive verb, it became indispensable, to avoid ridiculous equivocals, to withdraw the conjunctive particle ET from the general rule which ordains the union of every final consonant with the vowel that follows: (2) but nothing could be more unhappily established; for this conjunction, altogether unique, and consequently insufficient, in refusing thus, *iratis musis*, to be united with the following vowels, has become excessively embarrassing for the Poet, and even the prose writer who has a good ear.

But to return to primordial talent, (I now address myself particularly to you, Senator,) contemplate your nation, and enquire of it with what words it has enriched its language, since its great era? Alas! this nation has acted like others. From the time it began to mingle in the crowd of reasoners, it has borrowed words, but created none. No people can escape the general law. Every where the epoch of civilization and philosophy is, in this respect, that of their sterility. I read on your cards: *Minister, Général, Kammerherr,*

(1.) *Rien* is formed from *Rem*, as *bien* from *bene*. Joinville, without recurring to others, carries us back to the creation of this word, by often telling us that *pour nulle rien au monde il n'eut voulu*, &c. In a canton of Provence I have heard, *tu non vales* REM—which is pure Latin.

(2.) In effect, if the conjunctive particle followed the general rule, these two phrases: *un homme* ET *une femme*, un honnête homme ET *un pipon*, would be pronounced precisely as we should pronounce, *un homme* EST *une femme*, &c.

Kammeriunker, *Fraülen* Général Anchef, Général Dejournei, *Joustizii—Politzii Minister*, *etc. etc.* I read upon commercial labels: *magazei fabrica meubel*, *etc.* I hear on parade: *directii na prava*, *na leva*; *deployade en echiquier*, *en echelon*, *contre-marche*, *etc.* Military administration pronounces: *Haupt-wacht*, *exercis-house*, *ordonnance-house*, *commissariat*, *cararma*, *canzellarii*, *etc.* But all these words, and a thousand others which I might cite, are not worth one of those beautiful, elegant, and expressive, with which your primitive language abounds; *Souprong*, for instance, (Spouse) which signifies exactly he *who is bound to another under the same yoke:* nothing can be more just, more ingenious. In truth, gentlemen, we must confess that the savages or barbarians, who *deliberated* long since, for the purpose of forming such words, were, by no means, deficient in tact.

And what shall we say of the surprising analogies which we remark among languages separated by time and space in such a manner as never to have touched. I could show you in one of these manuscript volumes which you see on my table, many pages covered over with cob-webs, and which I have entitled *Parallalisms of the Greek and French languages.* I have been preceded in this investigation by a great Master, *Henri-Etienne*, but I have never met with his book; and nothing is more amusing than to form for oneself this sort of collection, in proportion as we read, and examples present themselves. Pay particular attention that I do not mean to speak merely of the simple conformity of words acquired easily by contact and communication: I speak of the conformity of ideas, in words synonymous in meaning, yet in every way different in form;—which excludes the notion of their being borrowed. I beg you to remark one very particular thing: it is, that when there is question of presenting one of those ideas, of which the natural expression would wound the delicacy of language, the French have fallen precisely upon those very roundings employed so often by the Greeks to save their *naivet's* which are sometimes indelicate. A circumstance which must seem very extraordinary, since in this particular, they have acted of themselves, without asking any favors of their intermediaries, the Latins. These examples suffice to shew us the power which presides over the formation of languages, and to make us feel the nullity of all other speculations. Each language, taken apart, repeats the spiritual phenomena which took place in their origin: and the more ancient the language, the more sensible the phenomena. You will find no exception to the observation on which I have insisted: it is that in proportion as we go back to those ages of ignorance and barbarism, which witnessed the origin of languages, you will always find more logic and depth in the formation of words—and that this talent disappeared by a contrary gradation, in proportion as we come down to the epochs of civilization and science. A thousand years before our era, Homer expressed in one plain and harmonious word: *they answered by a favourable acclamation, to what they had heard.* (1) In reading this Poet, you sometimes hear crackling around you that generative fire which makes life live; (2) and sometimes feel yourself refreshed with the dews which his

(1.) ΡΠΕΥΦΗΜΗΣΑΝ. Iliad. 1. 25. (2.) Ζαφλεγέες τελέθουσι. Iliad. 465.

enchanting verses distil on the couch of the immortals. (1) He knows how to spread the voice divine around the mortal ear, like a sonorous atmosphere which still re-echoes with the voice of a god who has ceased to speak. (2) He can wake Andromache, and shew us, as his spouse did, life for the last time ;—*shivering with tenderness*, AND LAUGHING WITH TEARS. (3)

Whence comes, then, that language, which seems to have been born like Minerva, and of which the first production is a desperate *chef-d'œuvre*, without being able to discover who first stammered it? Will we then, in imitation of many modern doctors, exclaim : *How many ages it required to form such a language!* In truth, it would have required many, were the languages formed as is generally imagined. From the oath of Louis Germanicus, in 842, down to the *menteur* of Corneille, or the *menteuses* of Pascal, (4) a number of ages rolled by. In following all rule of proportion, two thousand years are not much to form the Greek language. But Homer lived in a barbarous age, and though he elevated himself above his epoch, still he is to be found among the warbling *Pelasgi*, and the first rudiments of society. Where then shall we place those ages which are said to have been necessary to form that marvellous language? Yes, on the subject of the origin o languages, as on numberless others, our age has not found the truth—because it has a mortal aversion to finding it. *Languages* have had their beginning. But WORD never began, not even with man. One has necessarily preceded the other ; for speech is possible only by WORD. Every particular language was born like the animal, by explosion and developement, and man did not pass from the state of *aphony* to the use of language. He has always spoken ; and, with sublime reason did the Hebrews call him A SPEAKING SOUL. When a new language is formed, it is born in the midst of society, which is in full possession of language : and the action or principle which presides over this formation cannot arbitrarily invent any word. It employs those which it has found about it, or which it collects from afar. *It nourishes itself with it ;* it masticates it ; it digests it ; but never adopts it, without modifying it more or less. Much has been said about arbitrary signs, in an age in which there is a passion for every strange expression which excludes order and intelligence ; but there are no arbitrary signs ; every word has its motive. You have lived sometime, Chevalier, in a beautiful country, at the foot of the Alps, and, if I mistake not, you have there killed some men. . . . .

" Upon my honour!" exclaimed the Chevalier, " I have never killed a man. The most I can say is—with the young man in Madame de Sevigné, *Je n'y ai pas nui.*"

(1.) Στιλπναι δ' απεπίπτον έερσαι. Iliad. xiv. 352.

(2.) Θειηδε μιν αμφεχυτ' ὀμφὴ. Ibid. 11. 41. Qui hoc in alium sermonem convertere volet, is demum, quæ sit horum vocabulorum vis et ενεργεια, sentiet. (Clark ad Loc.) He adds with reason : *Domina* Dacier *non malè: it seemed to him that the voice spread around him, still resounded on his ear.*

(3.) Δακρυόεν γελάσασα. Ibid. vi. 485.

(4.) *Lettres provinciales.*

The North Wind.

BY H. J. BOGUE.

It moans o'er the Prairie:
It sighs through the brake;
It roars in the forest;
It howls on the lake;
'Tis laden with sorrow—
Pale poverty's sigh;
And the groan of the houseless
It bears through the sky.

It scatters the brown leaves
That Autumn hath shed;
It laughs through the branches
That wave o'er the dead;
It shakes the low cabin,
Where burns the pale light,
To cheer her who watcheth
The tempest to-night.

The pride of her bosom
Is out on the deep,
And the far-dashing billow
Forbids her to sleep,
For the blast to her slumber
Its wrath would impart;
And the cry of the shipwreck'd
Would ring to her heart.

Howl on!—for the sinful
Thy voice hath a charm,
And thy spirit inciteth
The murderer's arm;
No whisper of conscience—
No terror of God,
As he moveth in silence
And darkness abroad.

Thou'rt now at the altar;
And now stealing in
Where the felon lies fettered
In iron and sin;
Now high on the mountain,
Now down in the vale;
And the mad ocean heareth
Thy desolate wail.

We own thee—Our Father!
We know 'tis thy hand
That guideth the tempest
O'er ocean and land;
Then why should we tremble?
Why shrink at thy might?
When we know whatsoever
Thou doest is right.

LETTERS TO ADA.—FROM HER BROTHER-IN-LAW.

SECOND SERIES.

" C'est la tout ce que nous demandons d'eux: nous ne leur disons point: croyez—mais examinez."
Essai sur L'Indifference.

BY THE AUTHOR OF FATHER ROWLAND, &C. &C.

LETTER VI.—THE POPE.

" It matters not what prerogatives Peter may have been adorned with," thus you tell me, Ada, Florentine replied to the arguments in favour of the supremacy, " the Pope cannot lay claim to any of them. For Dr. —— is ready to prove that Peter was never at Rome! and consequently that Gregory XVI, has no more right to the title of successor to Peter, than any other Christian Bishop."

She certainly means, that Dr. —— is ready to *attempt* to prove—not to *prove*—for it cannot be in the power of any one to demonstrate as false a proposition which is true. Much reasoning will not be required to elucidate this self-evident maxim: *what is true cannot be proved false.* If, therefore, the proposition: " Peter was at Rome," be true, Dr. —— loses his precious time in the fruitless effort to subvert it. The testimonies which I purpose bringing in confirmation of it, will determine the question. And Florentine, who asserts, because Dr. —— asserts; and denies, because Dr. —— denies; and doubts, because Dr. —— doubts, will peradventure, be induced hereafter, to examine, reason, decide, for herself.

O Rome! the remembrance of thy basilics and temples; of the glory which dwells upon thy hills; of thy consecrated groves, and magnificent priesthood; fills me with admiration, inspires me with awe. Yes, I see the spirit of religion triumphing over the wreck of paganism—and the chair of Peter towering sublimely over the ruins of the imperial throne! The tomb of Adrian, is the fortress of Gregory; the Pantheon of Agrippa is the sanctuary of the Virgin; the pillar of Trajan is crowned with a statue of Peter—the baths of Dioclesian are the abode of a community of monks. Every thing here does homage to Christ, to his vicar, and his church.

Where'er I turn, my wondering eyes behold
Fallen fanes, and fallen " palaces of gold;"
Yea, ruin after ruin stretches round,
Fragments of gods and heroes strew the ground,
While deep in paganism's withered heart
The Galilean Fisher sinks his dart.
See how he nods triumphant, where of old
The imaged Cæsar frowned in massive gold;
Yes, there he cleaves; while o'er his head on high
The christian banners kiss their native sky!

" If Peter had been at Rome," triumphantly ejaculated Dr. ——, " the fact

would have been mentioned in Scripture. But no such fact is to be discovered in the sacred volume—*ergo !*"

And this ill-formed syllogism, he thinks, Ada, overturns the very throne of the Vatican ! hurls down St. Peter from the mole of Adrian, and confounds the routed hosts of popery ! Before we consent to these awful consequences, we will examine a little more elaborately into the subject. Is it quite certain that no such fact can be discovered in the Scriptures ? I maintain that it is not ; on the contrary, that there is the most cogent authority to induce the belief that it is mentioned.

In the second epistle of St. Peter, chapter fifth, verse thirteenth, we read these words : " The church which is in Babylon saluteth you." Now when I assert that by Babylon the Apostle meant Rome, (pagan Rome was Babylon indeed,) perhaps Dr —— will laugh with absolute contempt at my folly : and Florentine will join in the mirth. As for you, Ada, experience has taught you to search before you pronounce sentence—to investigate before you reject any tenet. While the laugh of " the wise ones" is loudest, let us solemnly consult the best commentators of the Protestant church, on this interesting text.

" On the meaning of the word *Babylon*," writes the celebrated Grotius, " ancient and modern interpreters disagree. The ancients understood it of Rome ; and that Peter was there, *no true christian ever doubted ;* the moderns understand it of Babylon in Chaldea. For my part I adhere to the ancients."

Is Dr. —— a good christian, Ada ? he not only doubts, he positively denies it. Whose testimony will you adopt, therefore ? Dr. ——'s, or the ancients ! will you adhere to the darkly " watchman," or, with Grotius, to the ancients !

Rosenmuller, another very learned Protestant commentator, acknowledges the consent of the ancients in similar terms : " *the ancients interpret it* Rome.

" Veteres Romam interpretantur."

Horne, in his Introduction to the Study of the Sacred Scriptures, says : "this opinion is confirmed by the general testimony of antiquity."

And after mentioning several interpretations of the text now under consideration, he adds : Grotius, Wheatly, Lardner, Macknight, Hale, Bishop Tomline—and all the learned of the Romish communion are of opinion, that by Babylon, St. Peter meant frequently *Rome*, which city is called Babylon by the apostle St. John." (Revelat. xvii. 18.)

He then concludes with his own opinion : which places him at *antipodes* with the " modern" Dr. ——, and brings him, on this point, entirely within the pale of orthodoxy.

" From a careful examination of the evidence adduced for the literal meaning of the word Babylon, and its evidence for its figurative or mystical application to Rome, we think that *the latter was intended.*"

Consequently these learned Protestants not only allow that Peter was at Rome, but hesitate not to acknowledge that according to their conviction, in conformity with the general assent of antiquity, the fact of his having written his epistles from Rome is mentioned in the sacred volume.

It is not ignorance then, fair maid,
Throwing its dense and dismal shade
Across the light of truth:
It is not error conjured up
By priestcraft—when we say the Pope
(Who is styled Antichrist forsooth!)
Succeeds to Peter in the See
Of Rome; no, History
Bears witness, that the apostle lived and died
In that proud capital—where, crucified,
Like his own master, he has left a throne
Which can be ruined with the world alone!

Yes, Ada, the earliest writers agree on this point; and it will be my object when I next write you, to select a few passages from their works, testifying to the fact—at present, ADIEU.

The Chapel.

BY CHARLES CONSTANTINE PISE, D. D.

I.

THE lamp burns lonely o'er the shrine;
Sweet flowers upon the altar blush:
Oh! what a privilege is mine—
Not to approach the burning bush,
But near the tabernacle bend,
Where Christ still loves me to the end!

II.

Saviour, who, on the tragic eve
Of that dark day that saw thee die,
Didst deign thy flesh and blood to leave—
Blest food of immortality—
I own thy presence and thy power,
And hail the rapture of this hour!

III.

Oh! the touched heart repentant yearns,
With holy prayer, and longing vows,
For thee—who when the "Son" returns,
Kissest the care-drops from his brows.
Receive me back—so long astray—
And banish all despair away!

IV.

Here, at this still and twilight shrine,
My firm resolves do I renew:
Make all my future being thine—
And graces o'er my path-way strew.
This earth no longer charms—for me—
There is no beauty, but in thee!

V.

Burn on, then, lone but watchful light—
Thy never-dying vigils keep:
Oh! praise the Lord by day and night,
When earth is busy, or asleep.
And all ye blossoms, breathe to heaven
Your odorous thanks for man forgiven.

LAMBETH RECORDS.

First, in the queen's letters patent, or commission for consecrating Matthew Parker,* the suffragan bishop, there mentioned, is named Richard, suffragan of Bedford: whereas by Mr. Mason and others, he is called John: yea, Mason calls him John in one place, and Richard in another. I suppose those, who made these records, might be ignorant of the said suffragan's name; and therefore for making sure work, call him sometimes Richard, sometimes John: but if these records had been made while the man himself was living, and when he imposed hands on Matthew Parker, he could have satisfied them of his true name, and the place where he was suffragan, viz. whether of Bedford or Dover? And whether there was any other suffragan there besides himself, if we suppose that the Lambeth *Notarius Publicus* could be ignorant of such circumstances.

Secondly, Mr. Sutcliff affirms, that Parker was consecrated by Barlow, Coverdale, Scorey, and two suffragans. But by our pretended register, we find but one suffragan at that solemnity.†

Thirdly, Mr. Mason, and his records, style him suffragan of Bedford: but by Doctor Butler he is called suffragan of Dover.‡

Fourthly, in Mr. Mason, we hear tell but of one commission from the queen, for the conformation and consecration of Matthew Parker. But Bramhall, by more diligent search among the records, finds two; the first dated September the 9th.§

Fifthly, by which commission it appears, Parker was elected before the 9th of September; but Mr. Mason says, he was elected about the beginning of December.

Thus they concur one with another: and to compare them with Richard Hollinshead, and John Stow's chronicles, they jump as exactly, as if the one had been written at China, and the other at Lambeth: for,

Sixthly, Mr. Mason, I say, affirms, that the dean and chapter elected Doctor Matthew Parker about the month of December. But in Stow and Hollinshead, we find him and others called bishops elect, on the 9th of September. Yea, seeing Hollinshead calls Grindall newly elect on the 12th of August, we may easily conclude, that Matthew Parker, the metropolitan, was also elected before that time; which, you see, is about four months before Mason's election by Conge d'Elire.

Seventhly, Mr. Mason affirms, that the see of Canterbury continued void till December, 1559. On the seventeenth of which month, according to the New Register, Parker was consecrated. But in Hollinshead we find, that Matthew Parker was bishop of Canterbury, and lived in the bishop's palace at Lambeth, where he had bishop Tunstal committed, prisoner, to his charge, long before the 17th of December: for on the 18th of November, 1559, the said bishop Tunstal died.

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* See D. Bram. p. 87, 88, 90.

† Sutcliff against D. Kellison, p. 5.

‡ Butler Ep. de. Consecrat. Minist.

§ Bram. p. 83.

Eighthly, Doctor Bramhall, as is said, from our new-made records, brings us a commission, dated on the 9th of September, 1559. And directed, besides others, to three Catholic bishops, Cuthbert Tunstal, Gilbert Bourn, and David Pool, requiring them to confirm and consecrate Matthew Parker. And has the confidence to affirm, that "The said three bishops were shortly after deprived of their bishoprics, as he is very apt to believe, for refusing to obey the said commission." But in Stow and Hollinshead we find, that the said three Catholic bishops, with ten or eleven others, were deprived of their bishoprics in the month of July before, for refusing the oath of supremacy: and Mason himself confirms this, by acknowledging they were deprived not long after the feast of St. John the Baptist: for which he also cites Saunders, *lib. de. Schismate Angl.* But, pray, consider, sirs, what can be more absurd, than to imagine that Queen Elizabeth would be beholden to such Roman Catholic bishops, as she had formerly deprived of their bishoprics, and made prisoners, for the confirming and consecrating of her new protestant bishops, who were to be "unlawfully intruded" into their sees; especially she having, as Bramhall says, protestant bishops enough of her own; or if such had been wanting, might, he says, have easily had store of bishops out of Ireland, to have done the work?

Pray, give me leave to demand of our English prelates, why this first commission was by the queen directed to those three zealous Catholic bishops, and not rather to her own protestant bishops, to whom she directed the last commission, dated December 6? Her majesty was not ignorant that their consciences had been too tender to permit them to swear herself head of the Church of England: and that rather than gall their so tender consciences, they were content to lose their bishoprics, and suffer perpetual imprisonment: could she, upon revolving this in her princely thoughts, easily imagine that they would, without all scruple, impose hands on her newly elected bishops, whom they knew to be of a religion as far different from themselves, as King Edward the VIth was from queen Mary's? Could she suppose, that they would make bishops in that church, whereof themselves refused to be members? Could she think, that those Catholic bishops would consecrate Parker, according to King Edward the VIth's form of consecration, which they had in queen's Mary's days declared to be invalid and null; and which, at this time, was also illegal? Or could the queen easily imagine, that Matthew Parker and the rest of her chosen bishops, who had stood so much upon their punctilios at Frankfort, would receive consecration by a form condemned as superstitious and antichristian; and from which, as Mason says, they had pared away so many superfluities; yea, so many, as even to pare out the very name, itself, of bishop? Let the impartial reader consider these things.

How our present pretended bishops themselves will make all these things agree, will be hard to imagine; which, if they cannot do, let them be content to leave us to our own liberties, and freedom of thought; and to excuse us, if we freely affirm, that "Matthew Parker was never consecrated at Lambeth; that the said records are forged: and that themselves are but mere laymen, without mission, without succession, without consecration."

Ninthly, it is none of the least objections against Parker's solemn consecration at Lambeth, that we find it not once mentioned by the historians of those times, especially by John Stow, who professed so particular a kindness and respect for Parker; and who was so exact in setting down all things, of far less moment, done about London. Doubtless he omitted it not through negligence or forgetfulness, seeing he is not unmindful to set down the consecration of cardinal Pole, Parker's immediate predecessor, and the very day on which he said his first mass. Nor does it appear to have been through forgetfulness, that Hollinshead mentions not this notorious Lambeth solemnity, seeing he tells us, that bishop Tunstal, who died under Parker's custody, "received his consecration at Lambeth:" if either he or John Stow had but given us only such a short hint as this, of Parker's consecration at Lambeth, we should never have questioned it further, nor have doubted of the truth of it, though they had not been so exact to a hair in every punctilio, as to have told us of the chapel's being "adorned with tapestry towards the east; a red cloth on the floor, in advent: a sermon, communion, concourse of people; Miles Coverdale's side woollen gown: of the queen's sending to see if all things had been rightly performed:" what care was here taken! "Of answer being brought her, that there was not a tittle amiss, only Miles Coverdale was in his side woollen gown, at the very minute of the consecration: of their assuring her that that could not cause any defect in the consecration," &c. as our records mention; which ridiculous circumstances render them not a whit the more credible.*

If now, from what has been said, these Lambeth records appear evidently to be forged, to what other refuge will these pretenders to episcopacy have recourse for their episcopal character, but to queen Elizabeth's letters patent, and an act of parliament? If so, I see no great reason why they should find fault with their ancient name and title of parliamentary bishops. Whoever read of bishops, between St. Peter's time and Parker's, that stood in need of an act of parliament to declare them such? Doubtless, if they had been consecrated at Lambeth by imposition of the hands of true bishops, though all their consecrators had been in side woollen gowns, and neither tapestry towards the east, nor red cloth on the floor of the chapel, and could have shown authentic records of the same, they would never have desired the queen to make and declare them bishops by an act of parliament: nor would the queen, and the wisdom of the nation, have consented to the making of such a superfluous act, if their reverences had desired it. No! no! there would have been no more need of any such act for them then, than there had been for threescore and nine preceding archbishops of Canterbury.

After all this, another query will yet arise; to wit, by what form of consecration Matthew Parker was consecrated? Our present prelates and clergy will not say, I suppose, that he was made bishop according to the Roman Catholic form, though queen Elizabeth had revived the act of 25 Henry VIII. 20. which authorized the same. Nor can they say that King Edward the VIth's

* Several ridiculous circumstances mentioned in the records, which yet render them less credible.

form was then in being, in the eye of the law; for that part of the act of Edward the VIth. which established the book of ordination, having been repealed by qūeen Mary, was not revived till six years after the pretended consecration of Matthew Parker, viz. till the 8th of Elizabeth, as is easily proved. For whereas the act of 5 and 6 Edward VI. 1. consisted of two parts; one, which authorized the Book of Common Prayer, as it was then newly explained and perfected: another, which established the form of consecrated bishops, &c. and added to the Book of Common Prayer. This act, as to both these parts, was repealed 1 queen Mary; and this repeal was reversed 1 Elizabeth, 1. as to that part which concerned the Book of Common Prayer only; for so runs the act, "The said statute of repeal, and every thing therein contained, only, concerning the said Book, viz. of Common Prayer, authorized by Edward VI. shall be void, and of no effect." And afterwards, 8 Elizabeth, 1. was revived that other part of it, which concerned the form of ordination, viz. in these words, "Such order and form for the consecrating of archbishops, bishops, &c. as was set forth in the time of Edward VI. and added to the same book of Common Prayer, and authorized 5 and 6 of Edward VI. shall stand, and be in full force; and shall from henceforth be used and observed." By which it is as clear as the sun at noon-day, that Edward the VIth's form was not restored at all by 1 Elizabeth, either expressly or in general terms, under the name and notion of the Book of Common Prayer, as protestants would have it thought. Nay, rather it was formally excluded by the said act, 1 Elizabeth. For that act of Edward VI. consisting of nothing else but the authorizing of the Book of Common Prayer, and establishing, and adding to it the book of ordination: and the act of queen Mary having repealed that whole act, as to both these parts, that act of 1 Elizabeth reversing that repeal, as to the Book of Common Prayer ONLY, did plainly and directly exclude the repealing of it, as to the book of ordination; there being nothing else to be excluded, by that word ONLY, but that book. So that it is undeniably evident, that King Edward the VIth's form of consecration was at that day illegal. And must we imagine, that the queen would suffer her new bishops to be consecrated by an illegal form, when she could as easily have authorized it by the law, as she had done the Roman form, by reviving the act 25 Henry VIII. 20? Yea, it had been as easy to make that that form legal, as it was afterwards to declare them bishops by act of parliament; and doubtless, more commendable.

But admit Matthew Parker, and the rest of queen Elizabeth's new bishops, were made such by this, then illegal, form; yet, if this form prove invalid, they are but still where they were before their election, as to their character. And that it is invalid, is sufficiently and clearly proved by the learned author of Erastus Senior, to whom I will refer my reader. Yea, the protestant bishops and clergy themselves have judged the said form to be invalid; and therefore thought necessary to repair the essential defects of the same, by adding the words bishop and priest. Essential defects, I call the want of these two words, bishop and priest; for if they had not been essential, why were they added? Yet this will not serve their turn; for before they can have a true clergy, they must change the character of the ordainers, as well as the form of ordination.

A valid form of ordination, pronounced by a minister not validly ordained, gives no more character than if it had continued still invalid, and never been altered. The present protestant bishops, who changed the form of their own consecration upon their adversaries objections of the invalidity thereof, (for immediately after Erastus Senior was published against it, they altered it, viz. anno 1662) might as well submit to be ordained by Catholic bishops; or else, with the presbyterians, utterly deny an episcopal character, as allow, by altering the form after so long time and dispute, that it was not sufficient to make themselves, and their predecessors, priests and bishops.

What has hitherto been said, concerning the nullity of their character, is yet further confirmed by their altering the 25th of their 39 articles: for these first bishops, Parker, Horn, Jewel, Grindall, &c. understanding the condition in which they were, for want of consecration by imposition of hands, resolved, in their convocation, anno 1562, to publish the 39 articles, made by Cranmer and his associates, but with some alteration and addition; especially to that article wherein they speak of the sacraments: for,

Whereas Cranmer's 25th or 26th article says nothing of holy orders by imposition of hands, or any visible sign or ceremony required therein; Parker, and his bishops, having taken upon themselves that calling, without any such ceremony of imposition and episcopal hands, for I believe they set not much by John Scorey's hands and Bible in the Naggs-Head, declared, that "God ordained not any visible sign or ceremony for the five last, commonly called sacraments;" whereof holy orders is one. This alteration and addition you may see in doctor Heylin's Appendix to *Ecclesia Restaurata*, page 189. In this convocation they denied also holy orders to be a sacrament; consequently not likely to impress any indellible character in the soul of the party ordained: which doctrine continued long among them, as appears by Mr. Rogers, in his defence of the 39 articles, who affirms, that "None but disorderly papists will say that order is a sacrament;" and demands, "Where can it be seen, in Holy Scripture, that orders or priesthood is a sacrament? what form has it? (says he) what promise? what institution from Cnrist?"* But after they began to pretend to have received an episcopal character from Roman Catholic bishops, and to put out their Lambeth records in defence of it, they disliked this doctrine, and taught the contrary, viz. that ordination is a sacrament. "We deny not ordination to be a sacrament," says Dr. Bramhall, "though it be not one of these two which are generally necessary to salvation."†

By order of this convocation the Bible of 1562 was printed, where the aforesaid text, "when they had ordained to them priests," &c. was translated, "When they had ordained elders by election;" which, as soon as they began to thirst after the glorious character of priests and bishops they corrected.

And though Cranmer cared as little for any visible signs, imposition of hands, or ceremonies in ordination, as the other first protestant reformers, and according to their practice had abjured the priestly and episcopal character, which he had received among Catholics, as may be gathered by his words, related by Fox

* Defence of the 39 Articles, page 154, 155. † See Mason and Dr. Bram. page 97.

in his Degradation, thus: "Then a barber clipped his hair round about, and the bishop scraped the tops of his fingers, where he had been anointed."* When they were thus doing; "All this," quoth the archbishop, "needed not, I had myself done with this geer long ago." And also by his doctrine; that, "In the New Testament, he that is appointed to be a priest or bishop, needs no confirmation by the Scripture; for election thereunto is sufficient." Though, I say, Cranmer valued not any episcopal consecration, which he had received in the Catholic Church, yet he presumed not to make the denial thereof an article of the protestant faith: but queen Elizabeth's pretended bishops, and English Church, in their convocation 1562, seeing, they knew they had no episcopal character by imposition of true bishop's hands, thought fit to make it a part of the protestant belief, "That no such visible sign or ceremony was necessary, or instituted by Christ;" and, therefore, concluded holy orders not to be a sacrament. And though, I say, the Church of England now teaches and practises the contrary, and in King James the First's reign erased from the text the word *election* as an imposture, or gross corruption, yet this change of the matter does no more make them now true priests and bishops, than their last change of the form of ordination, in the year 1662, soon after the happy restoration of King Charles the second.

Ecclesia non est, quæ sacerdotem non habet.
There can be no church without priests.—St. Jerome.

Thoughts.

BY A LADY.

I.

When right is wrong, and wrong is right,
And truth shines not in lustre bright,
Then comes despair.
But as it is, my heart, rejoice!
For faith is one—without a choice—
And comes by prayer.

II.

Content and peace, and virtue mild,
Are the companions of that child,
Who lists to God.
And hope, the handmaid, points to Heaven;
By charity our sins forgiven,
He'll spare the rod.

III:

Grant me, O Lord, a glimpse of thee,
And ne'er depart, my God from me,
Tho' worthless still:
Thou hast me made, in mercy mild,
O deign to watch thy feeble child,
Grant me "good will."

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* Fox's Act and Monuments, fol. 216.

A Fragment.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

I.

I lay upon a bank besprent
With the first blossoms of the spring,
And looked to the far hills that blent
With the blue heavens which o'er me leant,
Like tender mother fondly bent
Over her infant slumbering.

II.

And I bethought me of the years
That I had lost in vain pursuit
Of one bright phantom, that appears
Imaged in all that life endears,
But which hath left me still in tears,
To gather disappointment's fruit!

III.

'Twas Beauty—tangible and true—
That I had sought to make mine own.
Where'er I turned it met my view;—
Now blushing in the rose's hue;
Now glittering in the morning dew;
Now in the starry heavens it shone.

IV.

It crowned the hill, and clothed the dale
In tender leaf and swelling bud;
'Twas in the floweret of the vale,
And forest wrestling with the gale;
In buxom morn and evening pale,
And in the bow that spanned the flood.

V.

But more in woman's sunny smile,
And girlhood's blithe and graceful form,
Is childhood's joy, and artless wile,
That seeks so sweetly to beguile
The heart of anxious care awhile,
And in the flush of manhood warm.

VI.

But roses fade, and dews exhale,
And clouds the radiant skies deform;
Leaf must wither, and bud may fail,
And tempests plough the sheltered vale,
The oak be riven by the gale
And heaven's own bow be lost in storm.

VII.

And gladsome smile and sparkling eye
Too oft are dimmed by early tears;
And maiden's grace and witchery,
With all that wins in infancy,
And manhood's bearing proud and high
Are borne away with passing years!

VIII.

Then rest thee, rest, fond fluttering thing!
I to my wayward spirit cried,
Thou stretchest aye thy weary wing
Where life's dark flood is slumbering,
Yet fail'st the olive leaf to bring!
And thus a solemn voice replied:

IX.

"The eagle fettered to the plain,
Still struggles with o'erpowering force;
The torrent rushing to the main
Is hindered in its course in vain,
And subtle flame can none restrain
From leaping upward to its source.

X.

"But O, 'twere easier far to tame
The winged monarch of the sky,
The headlong torrent to reclaim,
Bind in thy grasp aspiring flame,
Then teach the tenant of thy frame
In inactivity to lie!

XI.

And the wild visions of the mind,
The insatiate yearnings of the heart,
Vague dreams, and wishes undefined—
The aimless gropings of the blind—
Are proofs that rest was ne'er designed
On earth for thine immortal part.

THE PATH TO HAPPINESS.

Address before the Philomathian Society—Emmittsburg College.

BY WM. E. A. AIKIN, M. D. &C. &C.

GREATLY are we delighted whenever we see such topics selected, and still more so yet when we see them well treated, before the literary Societies of our Catholic Institutions. We do not know of a more goodly sight than to behold a spirit high and earnest, pointing out to younger minds the path to happiness—a path which Philosophy—we mean true Christian Philosophy—can alone point out. Thrice welcome, then, the voice of wisdom emanating from the solitude of the mountains, "stealing o'er fount and hollow," and spreading to the most distant cities. The deep recesses, the romantic forests, the sequestered abode of contemplation, had often, in days of yore, given birth to philosophical strains, but we do not remember any more truly interesting and beautiful than that of Dr. Aikin. The mountain-home of his boyhood strikes deeply the chords of his affections—and eloquently does he exclaim:

And I am here—around me are the everlasting hills standing forth in all the

rude magnificence of nature's enduring architecture, as they stood when last I gazed upon them. The perennial mountain springs are gushing forth as joyously to refresh the weary wanderer as when last I quaffed their liquid treasure. The mountain streams make the same sweet music to the ear as when last I listened to their melody. But while the face of nature remains unaltered, I have only to cast my eyes around this assemblage to find abundant evidences of change—to read the oft repeated lesson of the mutability of human affairs. I look in vain for many a well remembered face; I miss many a friendly grasp; continents and oceans have separated some, others have gone to that peaceful realm where change is unknown. Of the young, of those with whom I travelled through the mazes of science, and with whom a community of pursuits and a community of thoughts entwined those mystic ties which will last while life endures—how few remain? They have left the shades of Academus, to mingle in the bustle of the world—they have exchanged the quiet pursuit of knowledge for the stir and hum of the great Babel—scattered over our happy land to its extremest borders, they are striving, we will hope, to apply the knowledge here acquired, for their own advancement and for the benefit of their fellow men—trusting to the truths here enforced, to the principles here inculcated, and to the habits here fostered, to guide them through the labyrinth they have entered. The very society I have the honor of addressing, whose ranks once presented but an array of familiar faces, has been filled by other aspirants for knowledge and for fame. Yet are we not strangers, gentlemen,—though we may have met this day for the first time, the silver cord that unites the lovers of truth, binds us together in the bands of friendship.

Those who have wandered along the banks of some noble stream, and watched the progress of the thousand floating bubbles borne down by the rolling flood, may occasionally have seen some arrested in their headlong course, and after reposing quietly for a time, in the smooth eddies near the shore, may have seen them again hurried forward, towards the illimitable ocean. That rolling flood might well depict the current of human events—those bubbles might well be the types of human existences—borne onward by the resistless tide of time, but sometimes finding a sequestered nook, where, aloof from the world's turmoil, we can gaze upon it as it rushes by, and from the contemplation of the past, draw wisdom to direct us through the future. In such light would I view these annual assemblages of our society—we withdraw our thoughts from the business and the cares of life—we shake off the trammels of professional duties—we intermit our toil for earthly fame, and we meet to cull the flowers of literature and science—as members of an association having one common object, the improvement of the noblest portion of our nature, we meet to revive the pleasant memories of by-gone days, and to indulge in bright anticipations for years yet unborn. Let the mighty torrent then roll onwards in its fierce career, burthened with the wild dreams of ambition, the mad projects of the visionary, the sordid calculations of avarice, the follies of the votaries of pleasure—burthened with all the countless throng of human hopes and human apprehensions, while we, in the seclusion of our own thoughts, cast a hasty retrospect towards the past.

> "We fare on earth as other men have fared:
> Were they successful? Let not us despair.
> Was disappointment oft their sole reward?
> Yet shall their tale instruct, if it declare
> How they have borne the load ourselves are doomed to bear."

Having entered on his subject, he wishes to convince his auditors, that Philosophy consists in holding communion with the great minds that have prece-

ded us on this earthly orb—and which are now enjoying sublimer things in the world of Love—This is a beautiful sentiment, and one consecrated by the Catholic Church—and developed far more perfectly by her, than by mere Philosophy—in her consoling doctrine of the communion of saints: Seneca made happiness consist in this:

"What happiness," says he, "and how beautiful an old age awaits him, who has betaken himself to the communion of those great minds—who has constantly with him, those with whom he may deliberate on every thing which concerns him—whom he may consult daily, as to his own moral progress, and hear truths from them without contumely, praise without adulation—to whose very similitude, by this intercourse, he may learn at last to form his own feebler nature. We may complain that our parents, and all the circumstances of our birth, are not of our choice, but of our fortune; we have it in our power, however, to be born as we please in this second birth of genius. Of the illustrious minds that have preceded us, we have only to determine to whom we wish to be allied, and we are already adopted, not to the inheritance of his mere name, but to the nobler inheritance of every thing which he possessed."

And again: "Philosophy," says the author just quoted, "is not formed for artificial show or delight; it has a higher office than to free idleness of its languor, and wear away and amuse the long hours of a day. It is that which forms and fashions the soul, which gives to life its disposition and order, which points out what it is our duty to do, what it is our duty to omit. It sits at the helm, and in a sea of perils directs the course of those who are wandering through the waves." And for all practical purposes, such were the views of all the prominent sects among the ancient lovers of wisdom—all were, in effect, blended into one fraternity, intent upon one common object. Even Epicurus, while he denied the immortality of the soul, and considered the pleasures of this life as the only objects to be sought, most carefully inculcated the practice of virtue, as the only means to insure happiness. The more sublime precepts of Zeno proclaimed that happiness was to be secured only by the faithful discharge of all the social duties, by the zealous pursuit of knowledge, by reverencing the deities, and by looking to a future state for a more abundant recompense than this life can afford.

"Let us imagine," says Cicero, who was himself deeply imbued with the philosophy of the Porch, "let us imagine a man accomplished in the best arts, and let us dwell upon him with the mind and with the thought. In the first place, his genius is of the highest order of course, for slow minds find it hard to keep pace with virtue, and then he is stimulated with intense desire for the discovery of truth. Then with what joy must the mind of the wise man be affected, when he has looked through the motions and revolutions of the whole universe, and seen the innumerable stars inherent in heaven, fixed in certain seats, conform to its movements; the other seven pursuing their courses, at immense distances from each other, either in the upper or the lower regions of space, their vague motions still tracing the appointed and certain paths of their orbits. The observation of these things no doubt impelled the ancients, and admonished them to seek for more. Hence arose the search for initial principles, and of the seeds as it were, whence every thing was sprung, engendered, grown; and of the origin, life, dissolution of every kind, animate, inanimate, mute or vocal, and what were the vicissitudes of one thing into another—whence the earth, and what the weights that balanced it, and by what caverns the seas were sustained. The mind become familiar with these objects, and revolving them in thought, by day and by night, attains the knowledge commanded by the Delphic god—it knows itself, and feels its connection with the Divine mind, which fills it with inexhaustible delight. Nor will it think

itself destined to the narrow confines of mortal life, when it sees the causes of things, one fitted to another, and linked together by necessity. This chain of causes flowing from eternal time into eternity, is still guided by sovereign reason and intelligence. Beholding these things, and looking up, or rather circling his glance to all parts, with what tranquillity of mind will he again consider these bitter and human scenes? Hence the knowledge of virtue exists; the kinds and parts of the virtues flourish; what nature kens as the extreme of good and the ultimate of evil, is discovered to what aim the duties are to be directed, and by what rule the method of life is to be modelled. These and the like things being ascertained, then even this is especially found, that virtue is content with herself for a happy existence. For what can appear great in human affairs, to him for whom all eternity is embraced in thought, and the magnitude of the whole universe is known? For what, either in human interests or in so contracted a brevity of life, can seem great to the wise man, whose mind is always so vigilant that nothing can happen to him unexpected, nothing unforeseen, nothing at all new."

Such were also the sentiments of him, who "first called philosophy down from heaven, and constrained her to inquire concerning life and manners, and good and evil things." In the closing scene of his career, in prison, and with the deadly draught before him, Socrates continued to advocate the same sublime truths, almost in the spirit of inspiration, and, as narrated by Plato, thus addressed his disciples: "There is one thing more, my friends, that is a very just thought; if the soul is immortal, it stands in need of cultivation and improvement, not only in the time that we call the time of life, but for the future, or what we call the time of eternity. For it carries nothing along with it from this life, but its good or bad actions; and its virtues or vices, which are the cause of its eternal happiness or misery, commencing from the first moment of its arrival in the other world. And every one that, during his life, renounces the pleasures of the body, and looks upon the appurtenances of the body as foreign ornaments, and siding with the contrary party, pursues only the pleasures of true knowledge, and beautifies the soul, not with foreign ornaments, but with decorations suitable to its nature, such as temperance, justice, fortitude, liberty and truth; such an one, being firmly confident of the happiness of his soul, will wait peaceably for the hour of his removal, as being always ready for the voyage whenever his fate call him."

These are the objects I would designate as the only ones worthy your attention—this is the path, hallowed by the footsteps of so many immortal men.

The digression to the contemplation of nature gives a pleasing and picturesque variety to the path through which our Orator leads us. No one but a poet could feel the thrilling enthusiasm which animates his style, when touching this inspiring theme. In his own language:

The beauties of nature have furnished an exhaustless theme for poets, since the fabulous golden age. They appeal alike to the educated and the illiterate.

> "Ask the swain
> Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
> Long labor, why forgetful of his toils
> And due repose, he loiters to behold
> The sunshine gleaming as through amber clouds,
> O'er all the western sky? Full soon I ween
> His rude expression and untutored airs,
> Beyond the power of language will unfold,
> The form of beauty smiling at his heart."

This vague sense of beauty, so obvious to all, becomes defined and keenly ac-

tive, when our thoughts are turned to the investigation of the wonderful machinery by which the obvious results are produced. The gorgeous colors of the autumnal forest, when the magic pencil of the frost king first touches its verdure—the varied tints of the meadow and the garden—the magnificent bow of promise, rearing its arch amid the gloom of the retiring tempest, will burst upon the eye with still greater splendor, if we understand the simple means by which the dazzling colors are produced. Our enjoyment will be heightened, if, familiar with the simple laws of optics, we can unravel the mystic thread of light, and, following its elementary fibres, see how these varied blendings produce the infinite variety of tints that deck the face of nature.

Nor need we heed the common error, that scientific pursuits are adverse to the keen delights ministered by a chaste and regulated imagination. The naturalist can gaze upon the cloud capped crests of the towering mountains, with a more than poetic sense of their overpowering grandeur and sublimity. From the brow of the precipice his delighted eye may wander over meadow and woodland, and cultivated fields, watching the flitting shadows of the passing clouds, or the swelling waves of verdure, as the fitful breeze stirs the rich harvest, or tracing the silvery path of the streamlet, now hidden and now emerging, as it winds its way towards the distant ocean. Or in a moment of musing, glancing over the fairy outline spread at his feet, he may gaze where the dim distance mingles its grey tints with the heavens, while fancy recalls the forms of the loved and the absent—of unforgotten friends whose presence could give splendor to the sunbeams, and add melody to the voice of birds—her magic wand may unlock the hidden fount of thoughts long treasured—may conjure up the distant, perchance the dead—and he may revel amid the scenes of other days. But soon the over-wrought spirits will demand respite, and with a sigh, the wandering thoughts will be recalled from their entrancing reveries. Yet will he feel no sense of loneliness beyond the moment, for around him he finds abundant food for thought. The rocky cliffs tell a tale of the revolutions of former ages, ere man appeared upon the stage. The reliques of a former world stand out in bold relief, revealing realities far more astounding than was ever pictured by the wildest flights of imagination. The buzzing insect, and the flower it feeds upon, offer healthful aliment to win the mind from those profitless longings after the unattainable, which indulged, would render life a burden.

Having thus conducted his auditors through the mazy path of happiness, he could not end more appropriately than with the sublime apostrophe of the Roman:

"Oh philosophy! thou guide of life—thou who revealest the virtues and conquerest the vices—what would not only we, but the life of man altogether, have been without thee? Thou hast brought forth cities—thou hast convoked scattered men to social life—thou hast conjoined them first by their dwellings, then by the ties of marriage, then by communion of letters and of speech—thou hast been the foundress of laws, thou the preceptress of morals and of government. To thee is our refuge; from thee we implore succour; to thee we devote ourselves as aforetime, for the most part, so now absolutely and totally. For one day well spent, and according to thy precepts, is to be preferred to erring immortality. For to whose assistance should we have recourse sooner than thine—who at once hast bestowed upon us tranquillity of life and relieved us from the terror of death."

What is Life.

BY N. J. KEEFE.

I.

Oh! what is life? A shadow's shade,
The journey of a day;
Its joys, and sorrows, quickly fade,
And pass like mist away.

II.

Oh! what is life? A changing dream,
Made up of hopes and fears;
Its shifting scenes, with sorrows teem;
Its path is moist with tears.

III.

In vain we seek, amid its waste,
A joy, unmix'd with pain;
No real peace is here to taste,—
Ah! no, the search were vain.

IV.

Then let one aspiration rise,
To where TRUE bliss is giv'n;
Our thoughts ascend beyond the skies;
Our hopes lean but on Heav'n.

Stanzas.

BY CHARLES SORAN.

I.

See yon moon in the heavens, how stately her face,
And see the dark clouds that encompass her round,
Whilst some in her path-way their dark bodies place,
Like an army of spirits to crush or confound.

II.

But still with a progress majestic and bright
She fearlessly keeps on her luminous path,
And though for a moment they shadow her light
And seemingly conquer, she smiles through their wrath.

III.

Oh! thus shines the heart that with virtue is crowned,
By Religion supported, heaven-lit and arrayed,
T'will move on serenely, though troubles surround,
And shine, like the moon, through the clouds that invade.

HARRY LAYDEN.—A MORAL TALE.

BY CHARLES JAMES CANNON.

PART I.—CHAPTER IV.

At the close of a cold day in the December of 18—, a way-worn pedestrian stopped at the Black Horse, a small tavern on the road to ——; and seating himself at the stove, called for a mug of cider and a few crackers, but with an air of shyness that plainly told how little accustomed he was to travelling. He was a young man, probably five feet eight or nine inches in height, and of rather slender proportions, with handsome, but emaciated features, and very dark hair, wearing a suit of what had, no doubt, once been genteel black, but now extremely rusty from age and use, that seemed a poor defence against the intense cold of the weather, destitute as he was of either great coat or cloak, and, instead of boots he wore low-quartered shoes, which though well enough for the display of a finely formed foot, were hardly calculated to encounter the extreme roughness of the road.

Soon after taking his seat, he was joined by a short, stout, middle aged, comfortable looking farmer, who, after rubbing his hands together over the stove for a few minutes, with great apparent satisfaction, turned to the stranger and said—

"Pretty considerable cold weather this, neighbor."

"It is indeed!" was the feeling reply.

"Travelling pretty rough below, I reckon."

"Very, sir."

"You'm from York, I take it?"

"I am sir."

"Any news stirring jist now?"

"Nothing of importance, I believe sir."

"Was there many passengers in the stage?"

"I really do not know, sir."

"Then p'r'haps you did'nt come in it?"

"I did not."

"But you did'nt *walk* all the way from —— for sartain?"

"I most certainly did, sir."

"Well, if that don't beat me all hollow! I hope you ha'nt much furder to go on this road any how, for I can tell you what, it don't get no better fast as you go t'wards the mountain."

"It will depend altogether upon circumstances, sir," replied the young man, "whether I go much farther or not. I am in search of a school," he added, after a moment's hesitation, "and must travel until I can find one."

"You'm not a Yankee, I hope?" asked the farmer eagerly.

"I am a New Yorker, sir."

"That's lucky!" he exclaimed. "You see our school is vacant; and as you

an't a Yankee, why you can stand a pretty fair chance for it. For that matter, as I *are* one of the Trustees, I might e'en a most promise it to you, if we find you am cap'ble of teaching what we want—pertikelery, the English language and the Dicksonary."

After some farther conversation, it was settled that the young man, who called himself Redmond, should go home with Judge Colford, so his friend of the bar-room had been called by the people of the house, and if, upon examination before the Trustees, he should be found to possess the requisite qualifications, he should have the school.

About eleven next day, the judges before whom Redmond was to be tried, met in the old school house of Butternut Hollow. These were Judge Colford, Squire Vreeland, and Major De Ruyter, three of the most distinguished personages in the village; who, after a short deliberation, took their seats around the stove, and proceeded to business. This was principally conducted by the Judge, with an occasional question from the Squire, while the Major remained perfectly silent.

That morning, Redmond, who had passed a most restless night, as well from the fatigue of the day, as the anxiety natural to one in his situation, almost determined to abandon his project of school keeping, and return at once to New York. But after a good breakfast, despondency gave place to hope, and as it was evidently painful for him to look back, he determined at all hazards to go forward; and he now met his judges with the calmness of one who is alike conscious of his own strength and the weakness of his opponents.

The trial was a long one; for nothing pleased the Judge better than to ask questions; but, though at times the pale cheek of the exanimate flushed with momentary anger at the impertinence of some of the questions, his lip curled in scorn at the frivolity, or his risibles were strongly exerted by the utter silliness of others, every thing was at last settled to the satisfaction of all parties; and Hugh Redmond was declared master elect of the school of Butternut Hollow, valued at one hundred and fifty dollars a year—bad debts included.

But now a difficulty arose which seemed by no means easy of adjustment. It had been the practice from time immemorial for the teacher to "board round," that is, to board a certain portion of his time with the parents of each of his scholars; and for the maintenance of this practice both the Judge and Squire were ardent sticklers. But the moment it was mentioned to Redmond he flatly refused to comply with it. The Judge argued and the Squire grunted, but all to no purpose; the resolution of the young man remained unshaken.

"Gentlemen," said he at length, "on this subject my mind is fully made up. *In* school it shall be my study to please you as far as I can compatible with my duty to myself; but *out* of school I must and will be the master of my own time and actions, and this I could never be while going, like a mendicant, from house to house for my daily bread. Besides," he continued, "I wish to devote my leisure to study, and the loss and interruption that such frequent changes must occasion, would be more than I could possibly submit to."

"But this 'ere," remonstrated the Judge, "have been the custom here from all etarnity."

"But," quietly observed the Major, for the first time breaking silence, "one in my opinion,

'More honored in the breach, than the observance.'"

Redmond started. To hear Shakspeare quoted in such a place was like hearing the voice of friendly recognition in a land of strangers; and he turned towards the speaker a countenance beaming with pleasurable surprise. The Major continued. "The young gentleman is perfectly right. If he would improve and not foolishly fritter away the time and talent that God has given him, he must have some place he can call a *home;* some quiet corner to which he can now and then retreat from the noise and bustle of the little world around him, and where he can be free alike from the foot of idle intrusion and the eye of impertinent curiosity."

The Judge and Squire were silenced, if not convinced; and the axe of innovation was that day laid to the Upas tree of Custom, which had long overshadowed the village of Butternut Hollow.

This subject being disposed of, the question then arose as to who should have the honour of boarding "the Master," to which the Judge and the Squire put in claims equally strong, and for which each contended with wonderful pertinacity. But this also was decided by the Major, who told Redmond that he would be happy to accommodate him, until it should be decided by his friends, the disputants, which of them had really the better right to him; and home with the Major Redmond accordingly he went.

Major De Ruyter—he *was* a Major, and one too who had "done the State some service," but, as he had never been thought an "available" by either of the great parties of his country, we do not know that the fact was generally known. Major De Ruyter, as his name would imply, was of Dutch descent; and, with many of the excellent qualities, possessed much of the characteristic obstinacy of the people from whom he sprung. He was a good hearted man, and, of course, very bad tempered, as all good hearted people are; liberal in opinion—with those who thought as he did; professing a brotherly regard for all mankind, yet entertaining in his heart a thorough Dutch dislike of Yankees, and a true Presbyterian hatred of Catholics.

His family, independent of the blacks that swarmed on his estate, consisted of his sister and daughter—his wife had been some years dead—the former a maiden lady of a most uncertain age, and the latter a girl of eighteen. Christina De Ruyter—or, as she was called throughout the neighbourhood, "Aunt Tiney"—had been a beauty in her day, and was now addicted to snuff and novels; very fond of her brother, and devotedly attached to her niece, whom she had done every thing in her power to spoil, but, thanks to an excellent disposition, and the counteracting influence of her father's treatment, hitherto without effect.

Agneta De Ruyter, the daughter of the Major, was not handsome, or, in other words, was decidedly plain; for her features, which might have been originally good, had suffered considerably from the small pox; her forehead

was low, and her complexion very dark. Yet half an hour's conversation with her made one forget all, except that she was an eminently pleasing young person; and upon better acquaintance she became really charming. For then you perceived, what did not strike you at first, that she had beautiful hair, good eyes, and very fine teeth; and her figure, though scarce above the middle size, was perfectly symmetrical.

Had Hugh Redmond met Agneta De Ruyter in that society of which he had once been a distinguished member, he would most probably have passed her as one of the many who are meant to keep up a certain number, without in any way adding to the ornamental part of it. But in the solitude into which he was now cast, to find in one so gentle and retiring a companion really able to converse was as agreeable as it was unexpected; but when, during a severe illness, he found in that gentle and intelligent girl the kindest and the best of nurses, his heart turned towards her with a far tender feeling than any woman had ever yet inspired him; and, before he had been many months domiciliated with her, he was irretrievably in love.

Nor was Agneta on her part utterly insensible to the many attractive qualities of Redmond. He was young, handsome, well educated; had a fine voice, and sang with exquisite taste, touched the piano with the skill of a master, and wrote—in her opinion, at least—the sweetest poetry in the world; and compared to any young man in her circle, was indeed

"Hyperion to a Satyr."

To be appreciated by such a being—and appreciated, the uniform deference of his tone and manner convinced her she was—would be to any girl of sense, matter of secret gratulation; but to her, who had received few attentions, except what were dictated by a due consideration of her father's wealth, was the source of unqualified delight; yet she dreamed not that she loved him until the conviction was forced upon her by a circumstance that painfully ruffled the peaceful course of her existence.

Agneta had one friend—no, not exactly a friend, but a very intimate acquaintance—about her own age, the daughter of Judge Colford. This young lady, who in her childhood had received the name of Elsie, but who now chose to be called Elzaida, was tolerably pretty, and extremely romantic; and with rather a weak head, possessed a most susceptible heart, which had already "suffered some" from the random shafts of the blind god, but who had never been seriously in love until she met Hugh Redmond.

From that eventful moment she felt her time was come, and abandoned herself freely to the course of events, with a full conviction that every thing would end favourably at last.

Elzaida was not one to let

"Concealment, like a worm i' th' bud
Feed on her damask cheek,"

but as soon as she had made up her mind to be desperately in love, embraced the first opportunity of being alone with Agneta to unbosom herself to her friend.

Agneta listened with a burning cheek and a troubled heart, yet not without smiling, to the confession of the romantic girl; who, in extenuation of her folly in loving one so utterly unknown, gave it as her belief, strengthened by many little confirmatory circumstances, that the object of her passion was some distinguished personage in disguise: and, though he could scarcely be a foreign prince or even a nobleman, he was one who had probably been unfortunate in a duel, or had in some way become the victim of persecution, who was obliged for a while to conceal himself from his enemies; or who was a sufferer for conscience' sake, for that she had heard Mr. Errington, the minister, say in confidence to her father, that it was his belief that the new master was little better than an infidel or Catholic!

"O, impossible!" exclaimed Agneta. "The sentiments of piety I have so often heard him express could never proceed from the lips of an infidel, and he is certainly too well informed to be a Catholic!"

Agneta had heard and read much on the subject of religion; but unfortunately for her, as for most of the daughters, and sons too, of *enlightened* America, all she had either heard or read tended to convince her that Catholicism was only another name for ignorance and depravity, and that he, whom she had

"Shrined in the innermost fold of her heart,"

should be ever suspected of any thing so horrible, was to her matter of the severest regret, yet, when she recollected how invariably he had excused himself from accompanying her to "meeting," she was forced to acknowledge to herself, that the suspicions of the dominie had, at least, some show of reason to ground themselves upon.

The next day was Sunday, and Agneta determined to make one more trial of Redmond, by asking him to accompany the family to meeting; and though he excused himself, as usual, from going in the morning, greatly to her satisfaction, he offered to attend her in the afternoon. This he did. And Agneta felt an unwonted satisfaction in proving thus tacitly that Dominie Errington was for once mistaken.

The subject, whether designedly or not, chosen for that afternoon's discourse, was the abominations of Popery, and never before had the worthy dominie displayed so much eloquence as upon that fruitful theme; and after depicting in the most frightful colours the horrors of the papacy, he concluded by declaring that, if he had no choice but Atheism and Romanism, he would prefer the infidelity of Voltaire to the christianity of the Church of Rome.

Agneta could not forbear an occasional glance at the countenance of her companion throughout the discourse; yet, except that it was now and then crossed by a faint smile of contempt, there was nothing visible by which the feelings of the listener were in any way betrayed, and she left the Church as unsatisfied as she had entered it.

"This," said Agneta, as they were returning, with an appearance of indifference, but with real anxiety, "is, I believe, the first time you have heard Mr. Errington?"

"It is," was the reply.

"Do you not admire him?"

"I certainly think him very handsome."

"But I speak now of the preacher, not of the man."

"Then, as a preacher, I must confess he took me rather by suprise. From the reserve, not to say coldness of his general manner, I had expected nothing more than a common place homily on Christian morality; instead of which he gave us a most powerful discourse."

"But what do you think of the subject?"

"That it was very ill chosen; and I was truly sorry that so much good speaking should be wasted in abuse of so great a body of his fellow Christians!"

"Fellow Christians! Surely, Mr. Redmond, you would not call those who worship images, pray to dead men and women, and hope by bribery to obtain Heaven—*Christians?*"

"Assuredly not! But do the Catholics all these things?"

"Certainly. Or all I have ever heard or read about them is false."

"The Catholics, my dear Miss De Ruyter," said Redmond, smiling, "have been, by a certain writer, compared to a man who is compelled to wear a mask, and then abused for the ugliness—not of his own, but of—of the features he has been obliged to assume."

"But do they not worship images?"

"You wear, I believe, Miss De Ruyter, a miniature of your mother, and which you look upon with more affection than on an ordinary picture?"

"Certainly."

"And sometimes address yourself to it?"

"Very frequently."

"Yet you do not think that picture can hear you?"

"Of course not."

"Neither does the Catholic when he kneels before the image of his crucified Lord, and offers up his prayers, which he intends only for Him whom that image is meant to represent. As to praying to dead men and women, you know, Miss De Ruyter, that all Christians believe in a "communion of saints," and when the Catholic solicits the prayers of the Blessed Virgin, or any of the friends of God, for he asks nothing else of them, he sees no more impropriety in it, than to request those of the Church militant, a thing done by every body of professing Christians in the world. But for your third allegation—the hope of obtaining Heaven by bribery—I can only say, that all Catholics are taught, that nothing but sincere penitence can ever open the gates of Heaven to the sinner, and that no absolution—no matter by whom pronounced—can avail him, if conscious, of cherishing within his bosom any darling sin."

"One would think, Mr. Redmond," said Agneta, with a constrained smile, "from the earnestness of your manner that you yourself are a Catholic."

Redmond was about to reply, when a large black dog, a great pet with

Miss De Ruyter, came bounding towards them, and seizing Agneta by the cloak, strove with all the eloquence in his power, to prevail upon her to follow him.

"Mungo, poor fellow!" said Redmond, patting the head of the dog, "what is the matter."

The dog looked up in his face with a whine, trotted away towards a neighbouring field, and preparing himself to spring over the fence, turned once more with a look of entreaty towards his friends.

"Something certainly is the matter," said Agneta, "let us follow him."

"It is nearly dark, Miss De Ruyter," said her companion, "and we know not how far he may lead us. Do you proceed to the house, and I will follow him."

"No, no! We will go together." And as soon as the faithful creature perceived their intention, he gave one yelp of delight, and sprang over the fence, and away.

They had not proceeded far, when Mungo stopped and set up a bark, that was intended to advertise them of the fact, that this was the spot to which he had wished to conduct them, and then began to scratch with all his might; and, upon approaching, they found the object of the dog's solicitude to be a little boy nearly buried under a snow-drift. Redmond lost no time in extricating the little fellow from his uncomfortable situation, and was delighted to find that, though insensible, he was still alive; and taking off the overcoat, which he had that day worn for the first time, wrapped it round the child, and with Agneta by his side, preceded by Mungo, gambolling with delight, he proceeded towards home.

"Why, where on airth have you been, children, this cold arternoon?" exclaimed Aunt Tiney, as they entered. "But, bless my heart! what's all this? Why, Neechy, love, you're as white as my apron, though that, to be sure, an't very white, for that careless Jude forgot, as usual, to put it in the bile. Why, I declare, Mr. Redmond, if you han't got a great boy rolled up in your coat! Where on airth did he come from? What?" she continued, when every thing had been explained to her by her niece. "Froze to death? Dear, how shocking! I never saw any thing froze to death in all my life, but a partridge that I found one day in the woods, though for that matter it might have been shot, as my brother said, for there was certainly some blood under its wing, but it was froze stiff enough any way when I got it. Poor, dear little fellow! But may be arter all he an't dead. But don't bring him to the fire. Here, Jake," calling one of the blacks, "bring me some snow. I remember once that I froze three of my fingers coming hum one night from singing school, and Jeronymus Vanderheyden, who was with me, made me rub them well with snow before I came near the fire, and it quite drew out all the frost. Here, Neechy, you rub one of his poor little hands, and I'll rub the other, while Mr. Redmond rubs his feet. Poor dear, I warrant now he's been a pretty child; but how thin and pinched he looks. But, I declare, I do think he breathes!"

Aunt Tiney was right. He did, indeed, breathe; and, what was more, seemed rapidly recovering his senses; and then, opening his eyes, stared around him wildly for some minutes, until his attention was drawn to the dog, that

stood looking up, wistfully in his face, when starting and exclaiming "Mung! Mung!" he threw his arms about the neck of the animal, and burst into tears.

It was a fortunate thing for Harry Layden—for he it was who had been so opportunely discovered by Mungo, the only friend he had known when he sojourned with the Holmeses—that he arrived at the hospitable mansion of Major De Ruyter at the very time he did; for the place of chief favourite to Aunt Tiney had lately become vacant by the death of the last male of a once numerous family of cats, and the pretty face of the little stranger very soon recommended him to that highly important situation. He was thereupon supplied with an entire new suit of clothes, placed near his patroness at table, let who would be present, and treated with the utmost kindness, not only by her, but the whole family.

But, while all proper attention was bestowed upon the outward appearance of the little fellow, the immortal part—the mind—was not suffered to lie neglected. He was placed immediately under the care of Redmond, and with his instructions, and those of Agneta, the progress he made was wonderful, and the cause of equal gratulation with teachers and patroness; and the affectionate nature of the child, which all the ill treatment he had suffered had failed to destroy, manifesting itself in a thousand little acts of gratitude for every new favour, made it truly delightful to be of service to him.

We are not writing a treatise on education, nor a volume of controversial divinity; and will, therefore, neither trace step by step the progress of Harry in the path of learning, nor go over all the arguments made use of by Redmond, in his conversations with Agneta, to prove that Catholicism—the religion of some of the wisest and best men the world has ever known—might have some claims to be considered Christianity. Nor will we describe the struggles of the ingenuous Agneta with herself, when obliged to abandon one by one the prejudices she had cherished as truths, until she was forced to admit that, notwithstanding all she had heretofore heard and read, all that is essential to salvation may be found in the Church of Rome; but will go on with our story.

The Crucifixion.

BY N. C. BROOKS, A. M.

The morning sun, in splendor bright,
Gilt Salem's towr's with living light;
And streak'd the fair etherial blue
With tints of gold and purple hue;
Earth bloom'd in loveliness and grace,
And rob'd in smiles was Nature's face;
But soon the fading sun grows pale,
Quench'd are his beams o'er tower and vale.
The quaking earth is sunder rent—
The rocky hills—the battlement—
The bursting tomb disclose their dead;
The saints forsake their earthly bed;
And midnight gloom veils earth and skies,
For, "Lo! the God of nature dies."

NATIONAL CHARACTER.

ADDRESS BEFORE THE READING ROOM SOCIETY,

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE, BALTIMORE.

An excellent subject—and treated, in a masterly manner, by the author, S. Teakle Wallis, Esq. Nothing is more important for our young aspirants in literary institutions, than to impress their minds deeply with the necessity of forming a correct idea of that grandeur which should characterise a nation. It is not the pageantry and triumph of war, nor the luxury and wealth of the commonwealth, by which national greatness should be estimated. These doctrines are clearly laid down and forcibly vindicated in this address, which is, in every respect—in manner, style, eloquence, philosophy, and moral appreciation—worthy the reputation and talents of Mr. Wallis, and honourable to the Catholic College from which it emanates. Our orator thus speaks of the erroneous notions of national greatness:

The ancient doctrine, that *national grandeur* depended on military powess and extended empire, has been gradually sinking for some time, into that discredit which would have been the just reward of its palpable absurdity, even had it not been written in letters of so much blood. Rational men, as civilization has progressed, have brought themselves, in spite of Lord Bacon, generally to the conclusion, that when Anchises bursts forth into his magnificent apostrophe—

"Tu, regere imperio populos, Romane memento!"

he proclaimed sentiments, no doubt conspicuously epic and heroic, but worthy, in principle, of the Plutonian vicinity which heard them, and of a religious system, which gave the same green fields, as a common Elysium, to the warrior and the steeds of his chariot. It is true, that recent occurrences in the other Hemisphere have tended to show that there is still much of original barbarism remaining there, and that there are yet some eyes, for which the brilliancy of conquest retains the attraction, by which the scarlet mantle of the amphitheatre lures the brute to his destruction. Little indeed could it have entered the poetic dream of the Last Minstrel, when he so touchingly exclaimed,

"Sweet Tiviot! on thy silver tide,
The glaring bale-fires blaze no more—"

that those fires would be re-lighted on the banks of the far off rivers, where the children of the sun and descendants of the moon and stars, have, for so long, held celestial and divided empire with opium and green tea! Such a taste of things, nevertheless, can be readily explained on the other side of the water, where governments fight for the power of turning the balance, and cheat the people by calling it the balance of power. Here, however, the idea of war as an instrument of conquest, is utterly discarded, and it is only thought of as a necessary evil for the defence of our rights and the preservation of our honor. This question, then, being by public opinion and universal consent set at rest among us, there is but one other great element of national grandeur left for our consideration. It is the peaceful and complete development of our resources as

an individual people. Upon the nature and extent of that development, and upon the principles which animate and direct it, depends all of a nation's genuine wealth and hope.

Unfortunately, society has never yet reached such a pitch of civilization, as to have eradicated entirely that relic of the savage state, which tempts men to follow and admire what is gorgeous and dazzling to the sight. Although they have generally surrendered, as we said, the notion of external conquest, they have in some measure substituted therefor, a yearning after national wealth and physical greatness. There is, in Milton's prophetic words,

> "Peace to corrupt, not less than war to waste."

If the public coffer and the private chest are full; if the grass cannot grow beneath the busy feet of plodding industry; if commerce spreads her wings afar, and plenty stalks across the land, prodigal of corn and wine, it is thought that the task of the statesman is over, he has done his duty nobly, and the cup of national prosperity is full to overflowing. It would not be honest in me to deny that such a train of opinion, is emphatically the vice of our country. Wealth covers, in our eyes, a multitude of national defects. We are too apt to adopt the thought, without the bitter irony of sweet Ann Page,

> "Oh what a world of vile, ill favoured faults,
> Looks handsome in three hundred pounds a year!"

The proposition that national wealth is not synonymous with national happiness or greatness, is founded upon the soundest principles of ethics; and it is elucidated with singular felicity and perspicuity. He does not, however, undervalue the advantages of traffic: on the contrary, he expatiates, with due precaution, on the blessings which it scatters abroad:

Traffic is not to be at all despised—for it is, without doubt, one of the most effective instruments of civilization. It scatters social and intellectual discoveries, broadcast, along with the products of physical labor, which it is its peculiar province to disseminate. The arts of refinement and luxury spring up under its hand—roses bloom along the desert, which bears the print of its feet. But although thus powerful for good, in its place, it is equally so for evil, if usurping all places. The son of Sirach hath said, with his peculiar wisdom, that "a merchant shall hardly keep himself from sin," and it cannot be denied, that the temptations which surround the everlasting pursuit of profit have "legion" for their name. If then the spirit of trade furnish the chief inspiration of social conduct, you may readily build up palaces, to rival and surpass the proudest days of Venice; but you will feel, like her, that many a stone is wanting to the nobler structure of happiness and true greatness. The lust of gold pervading the great mass, will necessarily extend itself, in a degree to all. The useful arts and practical sciences will advance, with wonderful rapidity. Locomotives, steamers, engineering will flourish, while literature will hang heavily back. Labor-saving machinery will spring to perfection, while the fine arts will languish neglected. The engrossing cares of the one sordid object of life, will leave no time for the proper expansion and employment of education, so that instead of being applied to enlighten the mind and liberalize and improve the character, it will be bent to serve the purposes of available, profitable use. Professional ambition, instead of looking beyond the moment, to the enduring triumphs which are rightfully its goal, will be content to dally in the "primrose paths" of pecuniary competence. Men's thoughts and feelings will be in their offices and work-shops always. No leisure will be found, to cultivate a

taste for those gentle and refining pleasures, which are the strongest safeguard against vice, and men will necessarily seek, in coarse and degrading enjoyment, that unbending of the bow which is required by the constitution of our nature. Social intercourse will be compelled to obey the impulses which rule the community. Education and talent will sink, in comparison with successful fortune. The golden lock on the brow of Morgana, which the adventurous knight was forced to seize, before he could dissolve her enchantments, may be taken as an emblem of the necessity which will exist, to grasp at wealth, before the way will become open to the mysterious penetralia of social refinement.

Mr. Wallis passes, with a happy and judicious transition, to the subject of education—on which, as on its natural basis, a nation's grandeur must finally repose. Deprive a people of this boon, and every other will be valueless. Judge of a nation from an individual: how low and insipid the latter, if he be ignorant, although the wealth of Cræsus may be at his command. So is a nation: and, with these convictions, some of the finest spirits of our State, are now engaged in widening the sphere of education, and extending its influence, without obstruction, through the length and breadth of the land:

Education can harmonize the physical and moral, thus strangely and unnaturally divorced, I mean the word to be taken in a far wider sense, than that which common interpretation gives it. Both in England and in this country, what is technically called "education for the people," is emphatically narrow. The rudiments of information are given, in what is styled "primary instruction." Men learn to know that they should know more, and they consequently feel the oppression of a social system, under whose operation compulsory toil and occupied time keep them from the good they yearn for. They have just light enough given them, to see and envy superior knowledge—discontented with their own lot, jealous of that of others. Books and pamphlets are printed by the million of tempting cheapness, to diffuse on the wings of the wind, vast masses of those facts, which in cant phrase are denominated "useful knowledge." These things done—if tumults peril the use of society, if the laws are set at naught and institutions tremble, it is thought wonderful that a population, initiated into the mysteries of reading, writing and arithmetic, should not, in virtue thereof, well know their duties, and knowing, peacefully discharge them.

I may here, properly remark, that many enlightened men who have set themselves to work to elevate, by culture, the condition of the laboring classes, have given too narrow a sphere to their philanthropy, when they have confined its exercise to those who live by the mechanic arts. In this country especially, there are very few who do not belong to the laboring classes. To most of us, toil is the only security for bread—to the remainder it is generally a matter of choice, for the sake of gain; and I hold that, wherever, either from necessity or choice, wealth is the primum mobile, all who participate in the pursuit, are labouring men, subject of course, to the narrowness of views and character, which such pursuits, when exclusively followed, necessarily entail. When, therefore, I speak of the necessity of education, in the enlarged sense which I shall presently explain, I have reference, indiscriminately, to all classes. No idea is more common, even among the wealthy of our country, than that it is folly to lay very broadly, the foundations of instruction, for those who are destined to move in commercial or active life. A few branches, and those of the most practical cast, are all that is thought necessary to present to those, whose exposure to multiplied temptations and distracting cares, would seem to require the utmost resources and consolations of knowledge. If we go a step higher, and ask of public opinion the definition of a liberal education among the mass

of those who think it desirable, and can command it, we shall be told, that to pass through the various stages of scholastic and collegiate instruction, to become familiar with the principles of science and skilled in the languages of the past and present, is such instruction, as will fit the citizen to minister, most profitably, to his own and his country's uses.

Grievously mistaken is such a system, and its fundamental error is, that in the much or little instruction which it gives, it regards the memory as its chief field, and inculcating knowledge, merely for knowledge sake, forgets that its great end should be to develop all the faculties and form the character. The Scottish bard has well ridiculed the absurdity of those poetasters, who

> "thought to climb Parnassus,
> By speaking Greek."

and far more absurd than the theme of his satire, is the notion of filling the mind merely with knowledge, to fit the man for the perils and toils of his earthly mission. The experience of nations proclaims, on every side, that something more is necessary in the individual to make the people blessed or great.

We conclude our remarks by citing the following eloquent passage touching the *moral* and *intellectual* man. And we may be allowed to express again our heart-felt admiration of the elegant literary picture of national grandeur which has been presented to the young geltlemen of the "Reading Room," by Mr. Wallis. We are thankful for such productions: which, though delivered before collegians, is worthy the attention of philosophers:

Yes, Gentlemen, there is something above and beyond mere knowledge. The moral man, as well as the intellectual, requires that the schoolmaster be abroad. It is not that learning, with all its thousand benefits and resources should be handed over to the tender mercies of the spider and the worm, nor that the birch, that stern, but beneficient monarch of our childhood, should be ungratefully dethroned and forgotten, but that, side by side with the increase of knowledge, the development of thought and of feeling should be made to flourish also. Whatever modicum of knowledge may be given, it should be made to tend towards the conviction that there is something in life more desirable than gain—a mind which was made to be lifted high, a heart which was given to be pure, lofty and refined. It should be kept before the citizen from his youth upwards—that, as in the beautiful figure of Rioja, the wind which is voiceless among the mountain forests, may be noisy and garrulous among the reeds of the valley—so the breath of popular applause may swell most loudly, the name which is really the emptiest. He should be taught, of course, that life is a scene of action, and that he must prepare to carry his burden, but he should be instructed, at the same time, that what the economist would call his "value in use" is not the only object for which he treads the earth. He should be persuaded that society has a right to some part of the time and the faculties which, under the system miscalled practical, he must devote exclusively to himself. He should know that the earth bears, every where around him, marks of a Providence which designed it as a theatre of delightful, uncorrupting enjoyment—that he is endowed with faculties to avail himself thereof, to give pleasure to himself and reflect it on others. He should read men as well as books—he should foster kind feelings as well as deep thoughts—he should amass pure principles as well as multiplied facts. In fine, he should cease to feel that his destiny is so degraded, as to be a mere struggle for subsistence, to which all other things are tributary. * *

THE FIVE DIFFERENT BIBLES,

DISTRIBUTED AND SOLD BY THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

COMPARED BY THE VERY REV. FELIX VARELA, D. D.

FROM THE OLD TESTAMENT.

Jeremiah, Cap. XV, V. 1.

English Protestant Bible.

THOUGH Moses and Samuel STOOD before me, yet my mind could not be towards this people.

TRANSLATIONS.

From the Spanish.

Aunque Moises y Samuel, se me *pusiesen* delante no es mi alma para con este pueblo.

Even if Moses and Samuel *would stand* before me, my soul is not with this people.

From the Portuguese.

Ainda que Moyses e Samuel *se pozerem* diante de mim nao esta la minha alma com este povo.

(As the above.)

From the Italian by Martini.

Quando Mosé e Samuel se *presentasser* dinanzi a me, non *si piegherebe* l'anima mia verso di questo popolo.

Even if Moses and Samuel *shall stand* before me, my soul *would not* incline to this people.

From the Italian by Diodati.

Aunque Moisé e Samuel *si presentassero* dovanti alla mia faccie, la anima mia *non sarebbe* pero in verso questo popolo.

Even if Moses and Samuel *would present* themselves before me, my soul would not be turned towards this people.

From the French.

Quand Moise et Samuel *se trendroient* devant moi, je n'aurois pourtant point d' affection pour ce peuple.

Even if Moses and Samuel *would stand* before me, I would have no affection for this people.

From the German.

Und wenn gleich Moses and Samuel vor mir *ständen*, so habe ich doch kein Herz zu diesem Volke.

And although Moses and Samuel *would stand* before me yet, yet I have no heart for this people.

Surely the two terms WOULD STAND and STOOD are very different. The latter was introduced in the English Bible to avoid the argument in favour of the Catholic doctrine as to the intercession of the saints, because Moses and Samuel were dead when Jeremiah spoke, and, therefore, the text shows that the departed souls can pray, and that these prayers are not injurious to God. However, they have not altered but one Protestant Bible as the reader may observe,

and all are sold by the Society. It is very remarkable indeed that only in the English Bible such alteration is found.

Daniel, Cap. IV, V. 24.

English Protestant Bible.

Wherefore, O king, let my counsel be acceptable unto thee, and break off thy sins by righteousness, and thy iniquities by shewing mercy to the poor: if it may be a lengthening of thy tranquillity.

TRANSLATIONS.

From the Spanish.

Por lo cual tomos, O rey, my consejo, y redime tus pecados con limosnas,y tus maldades exercitando la misericordia con los pobres: puede ser que él pardonetus peccados.

Therefore take my advice, O king, and *redeem* thy sins by alms-deeds, and thy iniquities by doing mercy to the poor, perhaps the *Lord may pardon thy sins.*

From the Portuguese.

Por tanto segue, O rei, o conselho que te don erime os teus peccados com esmolas e as tuas iniquidades com obras de misericordia para com os pobres: talvez que o senhor te perdoc os teos deleetos.

(Exactly the same as above.)

From the Italian by Martini.

. . . . Riscata colle limosine i tuoi peccati, e ge tue iniquità col fare misericordia co' poveril forse che egli perdonerá i tuoi peccati.

(The same as above.)

From the Italian by Diodati.

Percio, O re, gradisci 'l mio coniglio es riscatta i tuoi peccati per giustizia e le tue iniquitá con misericordia inverso gli afflitti: ecco, ciò savà un rimedio à tuoi falli.

. . . *redeem* thy sins by righteousness, and thy iniquities by mercy to *the afflicted,* behold this will be a *remedy* to your faults.

From the French.

C'est pourquoi ô roi! agrée mon conseil, et rachète tes péchés par la justice, et tes iniquites en faisant miséricorde aux pauvres; voici, ce sera une prolongation à ta prosperité.

. . . *redeem* thy sins by righteousness and thy iniquities by doing mercy to the poor: behold this will be a *lengthening* of *thy prosperity.*

From the German.

Darum, Herr König, lass dir meinen Rath gefallen, and mache dich los von deinen Sünden durch Gerechtigkeit, and ledig von deiner Missethat durch *Wohlthat* an den Armen, so wird er Geduld haben mit deinen Sünden.

Therefore, O king, be pleased with my counsel and redeem thyself from thy sins by justice and make thee free from thy iniquity, by *benefit* to the poor, and he *will be patient with thy sins.*

In the Spanish, the Portuguese, and the Italian by Martini, ALM-DEEDS are mentioned as means to obtain pardon, but in the other are not mentioned, lest this would prove the merit of good works. The English Bible says BREAK OFF THY SINS, which does not mean (clearly at least) any forgiveness. In the Italian by Diodati, the POOR are not mentioned but only says THE AFFLICTED. What a variety!

Eccles., Cap. IX. V. 1.

English Protestant Bible.

For all this I considered in my heart even to declare all this, that the righteous and the wise and their works are in the hands of God: no man knoweth either love or hatred by all that is before them.

TRANSLATIONS.

From the Spanish.

Todas estas cosas traté en mi corazon, para entender las diligentemente: Los juntos y los sabios, y las obras de ellos estan en las manos de Dios; y con todo eso no sabe el hombre, si es digno de amor o de odio.

All these things I considered in my heart, in order to understand them diligently: The just, and wise, and their works are in the hands of God; and notwithstanding a man does not know *whether he is worthy of love or hatred.*

From the Portuguese.

Eu vevolvi todas estas cousas no men corazôo, para diligentementee as entender: Ha justos e sabios, e as suas obras estôo na máo de Dios e com tudo nôo sabe o homem se he digno d'amor, on de odio.

I have considered all these things in my heart to understand them diligently. The just and the wise, and their works are in the hands of God, and notwithstanding *a man does not know whether he is worthy of love or hatred.*

From the Italian by Martini.

. . . . . non sa l'uomo s'ei sia degno di amore o di odio.

. . . . . *a man does not know whether he is worthy of love or hatred.*

From the Italian by Diodati.

Percioche io in ho recate tutte quete cose al cuore, eziandio per chiarir tutto questo: come i giusti, ed i savi, ed i fatti loro, essende de la man de Dio, gli nomini non conoscono ne l'amore, ni l'odio: tutto e davanti a loro.

. . . . . the just and the wise and their works being in the hands of God, men *do not know neither the love nor the hatred: all things are before them.*

From the French.

Certainement j'ai applique mon cœur a tout cela, et pour eclaicir tout ceci; savior, que les justes et les sages, et leur actions sont dans la main de Dieu, et l'amour et la hame; et que les hommes ne connoissent rient de tout ce qui est devant eux.

Certainly I have applied my heart to all this, and to make clear of this, namely that the just and the wise and their actions are in the hand of God, *and the love and the hatred; and that man does not know any thing of all that is before them.*

From the German.

Denn ich habe solches alles zu Herzen genommen, zu forschen das alles, dass Gerechte und Weise sind, und ihre Unterthanen in Gottes Hand. Doch kennet kein Mensch weder div Liebe noch den Hass irgend Eines, den er vor sich hat.

For I have taken to heart all this, to search this all, that there are righteous and wise men, and their subjects in the hand of God. Though no man *knows neither the love nor the hatred of any, he has before him.*

What a variety! According to the English Bible, a man does not know neither love or hatred by all that is before him, that is, that no object of those by which he is surrounded can bring him into the knowledge of love or hatred. According to the Italian Protestant Bible by Diodati, a man does not

know neither love or hatred, but no mention is made of the surrounding objects as to be capable or not of producing such knowledge, but after a *colon* it is simply stated that *all things are before them.* According to the French Protestant Bible, the just and the wise and their works and the *love and the hatred* are in the hands of God, but men do not *know any thing that is before them.* According to the German Bible, a man does not know the *love or hatred of* ANY THING *he has before him.* Finally, according to the other Bibles (which are all Catholic, and therefore all of them agree) man does not know whether *he is worthy of love or hatred* which is to be understood before God. Protestants, principally those who entertain the doctrine of *inamissible justification,* and of *internal conviction of the state of grace,* will not have the Catholic translation, which totally destroys such doctrine, and therefore the Bible Society with an UNHEARD kindness gives them what they want, while to us it gives us our old VULGATE, according to which no man knows whether he is worthy of love or hatred, and no one should have the presumption of saying, I am just, I am in permanent inamissable state of grace, and God loves me.

FROM THE NEW TESTAMENT.

St. Mateo, Cap. III, V. 2.

English Protestant Bible.

And saying: *Repent* ye: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

TRANSLATIONS.

Y diciendo: *Haced penitencia,* porque se ha acercado el reino de los ciclos.

From the Spanish.

Do penance: for the kingdom of heaven is at hand.

E dizendo: *Fazei penitencia,* porque ista proximo o reino dos ceos.

From the Portuguese.

(As above.)

Fate penitenza perche il regno dé cicli e vicimo.

From the Italian by Martini.

(As above.)

E dicendo: Rarvedetevi: perciodú il regno dé cicli é vicino.

From the Italian by Diodati.

Repent ye, for the kingdom, &c.

Et disant: Convertissez-vouz, con le Royanme des cieux est proche.

From the French.

Be cónverted, for the kingdom, &c.

En disant: Faites pénitence, car le royamme des cieux est proche.

From the French Testament by Sacy, also published by the Bible Society.

Do penance, for the kingdom, &c.

Und sprach: Thut Busse, das Himmelreich is nahe herbeigekommen.

From the German.

And said: *Do penance,* the kingdom of heaven has arrived.

The German Lutheran Bible agrees with the Catholics, and as to those who speak French or Italian, the reader may observe that they can procure a Bible either to do *penance* or merely to *repent*, just as they please; for the Bible Society is very *liberal* and very generous, the poor Germans cannot 'scape doing penance, that is, works of mortification, if they believe their own Bible, for certainly the word *penance* is not there as a mere substitute for *repentance*, for we cannot say *do repentance*. Consequently the verb *to do* is employed to indicate an operation, not purely mental but somewhat external.

St. Luke, Cap. VII. V. 47.

English Protestant Bible.

Wherefore I say unto thee, Her sins, which are many, are forgiven: FOR she loved much.

TRANSLATIONS.

From the Spanish.

Por lo cual te cligo: Que perdonados le son sus muchos pecados PORQUE amó mucho.

Therefore I say unto you: That her many sins are forgiven to her, BECAUSE she loved much.

From the Portuguese.

Pelo que te digo: Que perdoados lhe sâo seus muitos peccados, PORQUE amon muito.

(As the above.)

From the Italian by Martini.

. . . . Le sono remessi molti peccati, PERCHE molto ha amato.

(As the above.)

From the Italian by Diodati.

Per tanto, io ti dico, che i suoi peccati, chi sono in gran numero, le son rimessi: CONCIOSIACOSACHE ella abbia molto amato.

(As the above.)

From the French.

C'est pourquoi je te dis que ses péchés qui sont en grand nombre lui sont pardonés ET C'EST À CAUSE DE CELA qu'elle a beaucoup aime.

Therefore I say unto you: that her sins; which are in a great number are forgiven to her; and it is FOR THIS CAUSE that she loved much.

From the French by Sacy.

C'est pourquoi je vous déclare que beaucoup de péchés lui sont remis PARCEQU 'elle a beaucoup aimé.

. . . many sins are forgiven to her, BECAUSE she loved much.

From the German.

. . . . Ihr sind viele Sünden vergeben, *denn* sie hat viel geliebet.

Many sins are forgiven her, BECAUSE she has loved much.

We find that according to the French Bible, Mary Magdalene loved much in consequence of having been forgiven, and according to others, she was forgiven because she loved much. These are two very different things, and indeed the alteration made in the Protestant Bible is intended to oppose the merit of good works, so that Magdalene was not forgiven as a reward for loving much.

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